

speaking countries, had its origin in the king's fool? The office of master of the revels evolved from the function of the jester, and, under Elizabeth, this master became the dramatic censor. Finally, the abuses that arose prompted the demand for statutory regulation. Early in the eighteenth century Lord Chesterfield said, "If the players are to be punished, let it be by the laws of their country, and not by the will of an irresponsible despot." Since that time, in England, plays require a license from the lord chamberlain or, at least, a play may not be produced if that person makes objection within seven days of the submission of a manuscript. The vagaries of the modern English censorship are illustrated by the banning of such plays as Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," on the one hand, and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" on the other. Laurence Housman, well-known to *Freeman* readers, some ten years ago wrote a play dealing with George IV, which was accorded the honour of being forbidden. There is no record of plays about George V., but newspaper readers may remember that the British Government found other means than the lord chamberlain's office in dealing with fiction by one Mylius regarding that monarch. In America we are not even abreast of the England of 1545, for we still piously refuse to concede the existence of a censorship, while we cheerfully submit to the unregulated exercise and abuse of the power that accompanies it. The jester of 1545 functions to-day in these United States as a police lieutenant or a post-office inspector.

JOURNEYMAN.

POETRY.

AS WE FORGIVE.

Before Thy children, Lord, were fully grown,
They bowed like suppliants at their Maker's throne
And prayed, like slaves, that mercy might be shown.

They knelt before Thee, pleading in the night,
That Thou wouldst wash their scarlet raiment white.
Now, in the dawn, at last they stand upright.

Not with irreverent hearts, yet unafraid,
The silent, helpless myriads Thou hast made,
Give Thee the gifts for which, of old, they prayed:

Compassion for the burden Thou must bear;
And, though they know not why these evils were,
Their mute forgiveness for the griefs they share.

Yes, for one human grief that still must be
Too sad for heaven, too tragical for Thee,
Who even in death wast sure of victory;

For those farewells that darken our brief day,
The child struck down, the young love torn away,
And those dear hopes that kiss us to betray;

For perishing youth, for beauty's fading eyes;
For all Thyself hast given us in such wise
That, ere we grasp its loveliness, it dies,

Dies and despite our faith, we are not sure.
Our love, oh God, was never so secure
As Thine, in Thy strong heaven which must endure.

So, in our human weakness, for the scorn
And scourging, for the bitter cross of thorn
That this dark earth, from age to age has borne,

We—Thy clay creatures—warped and marred and blind,
Stretch out our arms at last, and bid Thee find
Rest to Thy soul, in crucified mankind.

Come to us! Leave Thy deathless realms on high.
We tell Thee, as our dumb dark myriads die,
We do absolve Thee, with our last sad cry.

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ALFRED NOYES.

SCIENCE.

THE FATHER OF EUGENICS.

A FEW weeks ago preparations were resumed for the long-delayed Eugenics Congress, now set for next year. With the Galton centenary following closely in its wake, eugenics will be very much in the air for some time to come. Thinking people will be forced to consider its tenets and to take a definite stand towards its propaganda. They will do well to go back of the modern Galtonians to the master himself. For while Marx's dictum that he was not a Marxist hardly rings quite true, Galton might in all sincerity dissociate himself from not a few of his disciples.

What manner of man, then, was Francis Galton? He was, first of all, a typical Briton in the external circumstances of his life and of his intellectual growth. Like his first cousin Charles Darwin, he lacked the training of a specialist. A medical course begun in deference to his father's wishes was never completed; and the higher mathematical studies pursued in the commencement of his Cambridge days were abandoned because of ill-health. It was only after years of indulgence in aimless travel and the sportsmanship of a country squire that Galton settled down to the execution of scientific tasks. He was, in short, anything but a professor. As a gentleman of leisure he roamed as he listed over the field of knowledge. With the scantiest preparation he achieved a remarkable trip of exploration through what was subsequently German Southwest Africa. This experience naturally plunged him into problems of geographical and meteorological research. A knack for mechanics impelled him to devise or perfect all manner of scientific apparatus. Finally came his epoch-making contributions to psychology, anthropology, and the theory of evolution, culminating in an ambitious scheme for the improvement of the human species. Thus there were not many branches of science to which he did not sooner or later render estimable service. As Professor Karl Pearson has felicitously pointed out, the salient feature in Galton's make-up was an insatiable *Wanderlust*: "He left others to settle and develop; his joy was in rapid pioneer work in a wide range of fields." In short, the impressive feature in Galton's writings lies not in any systematic elaboration, but in his freshness of outlook and the amazing wealth of his ideas. In this respect he recalls perhaps more than any other writer the equally original and versatile genius of Gustav Theodor Fechner.

These two men are indeed linked by more specific resemblances. Both succeeded in applying exact methods to fields where hitherto mere speculation had reigned supreme. Fechner transformed psychology from a branch of metaphysics into an experimental science, whose data he attacked with the aid of the calculus. Galton, though inferior in his technical equipment, was likewise of an eminently mathematical turn of mind. Where other Darwinians were content to recognize factors of evolution and to balance their effects by conjecture, he proceeded to quantitative measurement. "Heredity," "variability," "correlation" ceased to be vague catchwords and became amenable to the laws of probability. When Galton's technique proved inadequate, he inspired others to forge the machinery required for solving his difficulties.

There was a further similarity to Fechner in Gal-

ton's alert and prying curiosity about all the manifestations of the human psyche. No oddity seemed too trivial for accurate observation and comparative treatment. He found that the apparently freakish association of numbers with all sorts of conceptions, such as the idea that Twelve is a motherly old person or that One must be male, is widespread, though the specific ideas associated are far from uniform. The same was found to hold true of colours. What Galton did was consistently to apply the evolutionary principle of variability to the phenomena of mind. And he did more. He showed that in large measure these apparently elusive, intangible data could be grouped under a law. Just as in any population the greatest number conform closely to the general average of stature, tall and short people becoming increasingly rare as they depart more widely from that norm, so it proved possible to grade individuals with reference to all sorts of psychological traits. A few persons have a marvelous gift of visualization, others almost completely lack that power, and the bulk of any group occupies an intermediate position.

The effect of stressing these individual differences was truly revolutionary. Henceforth it was impossible to treat the psyche as an unchangeable substance that could be described in general terms. Every mental trait was seen to correspond to a whole gamut of graded values; every individual appeared as a unique combination of traits, occupying one position among his mates with reference to his visual powers, another as regards his auditory memory, and so forth. If modern pedagogy treats each child as a creature *sui generis* and strives to adapt itself to his individual needs, it is merely building on the theoretical foundations laid down by Galton.

Through examining the extreme variations encountered in a psychological survey Galton was led to originate that branch of research which some scholar, contemptuous of linguistic proprieties, has dubbed "geniology"—the natural history of genius. It was in this field that Galton was most powerfully impressed with the influence of heredity. The conspicuously favourable variations in individual ability proved to be not freaks of nature but hereditary phenomena. Again and again it appeared that famous men had sprung from a stock with considerably greater than average endowments. To-day the proposition seems commonplace enough, but the argument of Galton's book on "Hereditary Genius" must be viewed in historical perspective. In his "Memories," written forty years later, he has himself supplied us with the essential facts. When he first dealt with the hereditary transmission of ability, people were perhaps willing to concede the patent power of inheritance over man's bodily constitution. But to suppose that the same laws which ruled his lower self also governed his spiritual nature seemed little short of sacrilegious; and even those free from theological bias might balk at the notion that there were organic limitations which neither the highest purpose nor the most zealous industry could surmount.

Galton, accordingly, concentrated all his efforts on establishing the cardinal point that ability was transmitted in definite lines of descent. His book thus came to consist largely of the records of families that had given rise to eminent men. This method required the use of a vast mass of information, which it was hardly possible to check in every detail; in fact, Galton was, on the whole, content to accept at their face value the current ratings of distinguished individuals. Obviously

a careful re-examination of these estimates would have been a desideratum. But his work suffered from a fault of omission as well. Nowhere is there an attempt to penetrate into the mechanism of intellectual ability, nowhere an effort to define the individuality of a particular genius. Wonderfully suggestive as the book remains, it can not therefore take rank as a definitive biology of greatness but must be supplemented by such intensive researchers as Ostwald essayed in his sketches of scientific worthies or Pearson in his life of Galton himself.

"Hereditary Genius" already contains explicitly the basic principle of eugenics—the doctrine that inborn dispositions exert a far more powerful influence on individual achievement than education. In the sense that Nurture can never supply what is lacking in Nature this contention is thoroughly borne out by the progress of knowledge. But in the enthusiasm of his discovery Galton completely ignored or minimized the influence of the social environment. Perceiving the golden age of Athenian civilization and its downfall, he did not hesitate to assume that the change was due to racial degeneration. The glory of Athens, he argued, resulted from an innate superiority of the Athenians: judging their endowments by the list of illustrious names during the Periclean period, he inferred that the population was as greatly superior to the modern English as the latter are to the Negro. If they fell from this high estate, it was because through laxity of morals they came to intermarry with inferior aliens, thus lowering the racial quality of their descendants.

This argumentation is a tissue of antiquated fallacies, but as it continues to be quoted with approval, even by some otherwise sane scholars, it can not be ignored. In the first place, modern psychology and anthropology have hitherto failed to demonstrate a decisive superiority of the Caucasian over the Negro race. Secondly, Galton's exorbitant appraisal of Periclean culture is merely the uncritical re-echoing of the adulation lavished on antiquity by our philological drill-masters. Galton cites Phidias and Socrates as prodigies without peer in later Europe. Artistic achievement can not readily be estimated in objective terms, but as for Socrates it is sheer nonsense to decree his unequivocal supremacy over Newton, Descartes or Kant. The total list of Attic greatness remains highly creditable but it is in no sense unique: the nations that within a single century, and in the scientific field alone, produced a Faraday, a Maxwell and a Kelvin; a Helmholtz, a Johannes Müller and a Karl Ernst von Baer; a Laplace, a Lagrange and a D'Alembert—can laugh to scorn the rodomontades about an innate supremacy of the Attic stock.

Finally, the very core of the argument was refuted by Galton himself in his later "Inquiries into Human Faculty and its Development." The concrete instance he there discusses is a different one, but the principle involved is the same. Why, he asks, does the Renaissance contrast so sharply with the preceding epoch of darkness? Is it perchance because the race had made a sudden evolutionary leap? No, answers Galton, "sudden eras of great intellectual progress can not be due to any alteration in the natural faculties of the race, . . . but to their being directed in productive channels." In other words, cultural differences supply no measure of racial differences: momentous cultural differences may arise without any fundamental change of organic constitution. It is simply that social conditions now cause certain exist-

ing racial traits to become active and then again may cause them to lie dormant. This explanation of Galton's is in thorough harmony with the modern historical point of view but since it contravenes the doctrines of racial snobbishness it has remained unquoted by the professional champions of reaction.

It remains true that while Galton did not wholly rule out of court the effects of social environment he continued to stress the dominant rôle of the immutable equipment with which man is provided at birth. Men, he recognized, are born unequal and their inequalities can not be eradicated by any amount of education. With this intellectual insight into reality he could not rest content. He aspired to raise humanity to a higher level, and since he considered educational agencies as impotent or fleeting in their effects he conceived a scheme suggested by evolutionary reading. If a gardener or dog-fancier could produce all sorts of favoured breeds by mating individuals endowed with the desired traits, why could not similar results be achieved with the human species as the subject of experimentation? The processes of natural selection are painfully slow, but a conscious controller who should prevent the propagation of inferior strains and promote the early and prolific multiplication of superior individuals might greatly accelerate development along the pre-destined path. Mankind would then rapidly gain a higher evolutionary stage, at which the average representative of the species might well equal to-day's exceptional genius.

Like all prophets, Galton was filled with an abundant optimism. It was necessary for his scheme that gifted individuals should be as fertile as normal men and he defended this corollary with not a little ingenuity. For example, when confronted with the relative childlessness of eminent judges, he pointed out that from economic and social reasons these generally married heiresses. But an heiress is by definition the sole child of her parents, hence is hereditarily tainted with infertility. Thus it is not the able jurists but their wives that must be held accountable for the dearth of progeny. This vindication of the fertility of eminent men was of a piece with the more general assumption that physical vigour is generally linked with unusual intellect. "A collection of living magnates in various branches of intellectual achievement," we read, "is always a feast to my eyes; being, as they are, such massive, vigorous capable-looking animals." True in England, perhaps, where scholarship and wealth go so largely hand in hand and where the leisured classes are votaries of athletics. But would the statement hold for a galaxy of French notables? Eugenically speaking, it is of course eminently desirable that all the favoured variations should appear jointly, but, as a matter of fact, do they? And if not, what traits shall we breed for to the neglect of others?

This is, indeed, the very core of the whole problem. When a nurseryman desires a yellowish flower or a spineless cactus, his goal, whether dictated by a fancier's whim or by utilitarian considerations, hardly admits of moral opposition, for it bears too remotely, if at all, on human welfare. But when men are mated with a conscious purpose to effect a definite end, there is bound to be a clash of ideals. The eugenist may have quite definite notions of what is desirable, but whether his decrees would tally with the judgment of the wisest and best of mankind is another matter. Even a disinterested commission of experts would run the danger of yielding to professional bias and subjective preferences, to the lasting detriment of

true progress. Did not Galton himself speak of poets and artists as "a sensuous, erotic race, exceedingly irregular in their way of life?" What is to prevent the eugenist, when in possession of the State machinery, from legislating out of their procreative rights any class of whose tenets or characters he may disapprove? Galton does not solve the problem when in his Huxley lecture he emphasizes the qualities that make up "civic worth," for that phrase remains undefined and indefinable. Objective tests may be devised to grade individuals for any given trait, but who is to determine the intrinsic value of the traits themselves? If A, like all creative thinkers, challenges authority while B invariably succumbs in puppet-like docility to the decrees of the ruling officialdom, which of the two exhibits the greater civic worth? The answer does not follow from their psychological differences, however well established, for it depends entirely on one's personal ideal of the State and its relations to the individual. Nothing in past, and especially in recent, experience warrants the belief that a council of learned men could be safely entrusted with the power of regulating once and for all the future of mankind. It was assuredly no shallow sentimentalism but a healthy critical instinct that led the liberal Alfred Russel Wallace to deprecate eugenics as "the meddling interference of an arrogant scientific priesthood." Even so, his forecast inclines to the side of optimism. Everything points to the fact that we should have to combat not merely the half-knowledge of disinterested or at least subconscious bias but the deliberate malevolence of the reactionary cloaking his self-interest with high-flown scientific verbiage.

In fairness to Galton it must be explicitly stated that he remained largely free from the perversities of some of his most ardent followers. He advocated no drastic enactments outraging the sensibilities of humane men. Indeed, the suppression of inferior strains appealed to him as less important than the positive attempt to foster superior ones. On the race question, too, his record is far from discreditable when we again apply a historical point of view. In the first post-Darwinian decades, the temptation to find among the coloured races so many links connecting brute and Caucasian was well-nigh irresistible to a thorough-going evolutionist, and the tendency could not be checked by ethnographic knowledge, which was so largely non-existent. Under these conditions Galton's judgment of the "coarse and lazy Negro" must be rated a temperate one: he did not deny that an appreciable number of this race surpassed the white average and that its prodigies might even rank with eminent, though not with illustrious, Caucasians. How far he was from entertaining extreme views on the subject appears from his defence of "the much underrated Bushmen of South Africa" and his frankly expressed admiration of Eskimo map-making. Within the Caucasian fold itself he was doubtless inclined to assume differences in the hereditary aptitudes of different subraces, but I find not the slightest evidence that might connect him with the propaganda of a Chamberlain or our own know-nothings.

But the liberal admirer of Galton need not confine himself to pleading extenuating circumstances. Galton has exerted a most salutary influence on political philosophy in supplying a corrective for much maudlin phrase-mongering and the shallow belief in the infinite perfectibility of human nature through educational processes. Men are assuredly not born alike and can not be made alike. For their own good no less than

for that of the community their differences must not be ignored, and a rational system of education must reckon with them. So far the liberal has every reason to be as grateful to biological scrutiny of the doctrine of universal equality as the intellectual radical should be grateful to the epistemology that purges the naïve materialism of his adolescence. But as true radicalism is confirmed by a critique of first principles; so liberalism, too, will be only fortified in the end by the impact of biological facts. It is precisely one of the gravest indictments that Democracy prefers against existing society that natural ability is so severely handicapped, if not utterly crushed, by the artificial distribution of opportunities for development. Is not one of its cardinal tenets the Napoleonic demand that talent should be free to set out on its appropriate career?

Beyond this point liberals have no call to follow Galton's leadership in practical sociology. The great scientist is not even in his own field a pontiff exacting servile acquiescence. Apart from his special domain, his opinions raise not even the presumption of authority. Psychologically interesting they will often be, no doubt, as individual differences always are. But as we are under no constraint to follow a Newton or Pasteur in his theology, so we are not compelled to yield homage to the eugenic creed of Galton, nor can such rejection of allegiance be interpreted as an imputation on his scientific greatness. Values stand distinct from objective reality and are appraised in another forum and by other criteria.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

A NOTE FROM THE NORTHWEST.

THE sojourners in this verminous bunkhouse on the Topenish Bench are quite sharply divided into three groups. They are either pastoral, industrial or nomadic. Assembled here for a season to do the heavy work of the harvest at a wage of four dollars a day and found, they seem to form a homogeneous company. As a unit they will cut, shock and bale alfalfa; shock and thresh wheat, barley and oats; pick and pack peaches, pears and apples. But when the harvest is being perfunctorily celebrated by urban populations this small society will break down into the three components and each will follow its dream.

Bluey is a perfect example of the nomadic fragment. He is the most inutile of the waste products of modern society—the "floater" *par excellence*. He is a liar, thief, sot and sexual pervert. He is dozing his life away on the floor of hell, insensible to the torments of his damnation. An intelligent I. W. W. would scorn his sodden companionship—call him a "bay-rum revolutionist." For Bluey prefers an inordinate indulgence of his migratory instinct and the dreams that reside in hair- tonic and lemon extract to the wine of revolutionary propaganda.

Blackie, the industrial, recently thrown out of a job in the Seattle shipyards by the "tightening of money," is a sulphurous zealot. His brow is thunder and lightning as he denounces "capital." The bunkhouse, for all its heavy fatigue, heeds and ponders silently his detonations. He disturbs ever so slightly even the apathy of Bluey, the incorrigible, who queries thickly, "Where do you get that stuff about boogwas, (bourgeois)? Why don't you talk a lingo a man can savvy?"

"Oh, hell! I don't expect you to get this," Blackie rebukes him, and turns again to the stolid audience of "steddy" agricultural labourers.

These last, the pastorals, are for the most part of old American farmer stock, and they have a secret pride in this that holds them aloof from Blackie, Bluey and their genera. The younger of these would-be farmers are the men who were fighting along the Bouresches Road or preparing for the Argonne campaign two years ago, while the older ones were drudging through the war harvest in undermanned baling and threshing crews. All of them are the material of first-class, independent farmers. They can spray, cultivate, irrigate and harvest. They "understand teaming" and can herd sheep. They can run and repair tractors and

stationary gasoline engines—perform all the hundred hard, exacting tasks of the ranch. They have an innate love of farm labour and a grievous hunger for land. Give any one of them—Dick Fuller, for instance—a good fertile forty acres of this valley and adequate machinery and stock and he will be spurred on, not only by his love of the work but, also, by his love of a particular "forty" all his own, to produce with maximum efficiency food for himself, a large family of self-reliant boys and girls and incidentally for the nation.

But in this broad valley "forties" are fast coalescing into quarter-sections of 160 acres, quarters into full sections and full sections into the latifundia of potato and alfalfa "kings"; one of them boasts 5074 acres of alfalfa. In fact, a round dozen of bonanza farmers and the local bankers hold the valley in the hollow of their hands and it is for these generals that the armies of propertyless, migratory workers are yearly mobilized, demobilized and demoralized.

When the crops are in and the snow begins to creep down the rim of arid hills that bounds their preserve, these squires will drive away to Santa Barbara, successfully to compete with industrial magnates in spending money for luxury. Bluey's squalid migrations will carry him from one railway "extra gang" to another, to the orange groves of California or to the oil-fields of Texas or Oklahoma. He will continue to shirk, to lie and to besot himself with the still available forms of alcohol. Blackie, the industrial worker will return to the cheap lodging-house in San Francisco or Seattle to spread the gospel of the One Big Union and the social revolution, while Dick Fuller who loves the land will hibernate with the cattle of the Yakima.

Some morning in November venerable Dad Armstrong, another pastoral, will be seen carrying two iron buckets filled with mash to the hogs. As he opens the gate of the corral he will turn to Dick Fuller and shout with bitter gaiety, "This is how I got my start in life, Dick."

"Still getting started, ain't you, Dad?" Dick will reply as he forks down the raw green alfalfa for the one-eyed mare. And perhaps some of the resounding catch-words of the I. W. W. will re-echo in their minds and explain to them their aching hunger for land and human dignity.

EDWARD T. BOOTH.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE WAY THINGS WERE AT SCARBOROUGH.

SIRS: I have just come away from the Conference of the British Labour party at Scarborough. It may interest you to know that the main line of discussion was on the subject of foreign policy. In this connexion it is, perhaps, worth noting that British Labour's attitude on foreign affairs is strictly in line with old liberal tradition, and that it has so far failed to develop a distinctly Labour programme for dealing either with subject nations or with foreign nations. To a detached observer like myself it was rather amusing to listen to one labour leader after another attempting to moderate imperialism with the humanitarian touch, (a piece of sentimentality which the British upper classes are foolish enough to leave out). These labour leaders like to talk of the British Empire as the British Commonwealth, apparently under the impression that the substitution of a good word for a bad one will transform the institution—which strikes me as being rather like trying to tame a tiger by calling it a pretty pussy.

Of course, in the end, after strong opposition, the conference did come out for Irish self-determination and for resumption of relations with Russia; but it is obvious that the Labour party has no coherent theory of the part of the state in either national or international affairs. By and large British labour is very well content with the rôle which the state is playing to-day in the present constitution of the world. Most of the leaders seem to think that everything would be all right if only a sufficiently large number of labour delegates were in Parliament to form a government. For all their denials, they are still liberals, or rather liberal-labourites. Some of them are a little dismayed to find that the present machinery of government is so complicated, so full of little points of finesse, that they are becoming pretty well tired out during the long period of their apprenticeship, but nevertheless they go on still stoutly believing that the same machine can be made to produce a perfect socialist commonwealth as soon as ever they can get the hang of how the thing works. Which, as Euclid bravely remarks, is absurd. I am, etc.,

M. L.